

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.
BY A. P. MANN.
This book is all that's left me now—
Tears will wash it clean—
With falling lip and shuddering brow,
I press it to my heart,
For many generations past,
Here is our faith's truest stay,
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.
Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who read the heart-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of these pages still,
In tones my heart would thrill,
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here there are living still.
My father read his holy book,
To brothers, sisters dear,
How calm was my poor mother's look,
When I heard God's word to hear!
How angel faces, I can still see,
What thrilling notes come!
Again that little group in met
Within the walls of home!
Thou trust friend of ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried,
When all were false I found thee true,
My counselor, I see thy eye,
The mine of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy,
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN FRODOG BANK NOTES.
A curious circumstance happened on Saturday, which says the Paris correspondent of the Atlas, may be just as alarming to you as it proved to us. The science of photography has for some time past been the rage amongst the young men of fashion in Paris, and has been carried to a great perfection by many of them, but by none to a greater extent than by M. Aguado, whose successful studies from nature are well known among the artists of every country. On Saturday morning this gentleman sent word to the experts of the Bank of France that he had at length succeeded so fully in the imitation of one of the thousand franc notes that he defied them to detect it, and to show his perfect conviction of the impossibility of discovery he warned them that the note would be presented at the bank between one and three. According to this intimation, the whole of the experts were assembled at the caisse, and each note brought in was submitted to their examination before it was accepted. The hours passed by, and no false note appeared; the whole of those presented during the interval specified lay in a row spread out before the experts, who already crowded over the idea that Mr. Aguado had not dared to hazard the experiment, when, just as the clock struck three, in he walked, smiling and triumphant, with a thousand franc note in his hand. "Well, have you detected my forgery?" said he, with the greatest coolness. "No," replied the head expert, laughing, "for a good reason—you never sent it." "Why, then it lies right under your nose—the third to the left, and here is the original I took it from." The dismay of the experts may be conceived when, even upon comparing the two, they found it impossible to say which was the genuine note and which the false.

A committee was held to determine upon the course to be adopted, as, according to report, an immense number of these photographs are in circulation, and M. Aguado declares himself able to manufacture any quantity in a given time, and that none shall be detected, either by sight or touch. The conservation created by the announcement is not to be described, and the report tells us that the bank has already accepted the offer of a learned English doctor, resident here, to furnish a chemical preparation of his own discovery which shall immediately decompose the photograph by the touch of a camel's hair brush dipped in the liquid and passed slightly over the printed lines. The adventure has served to make us laugh, although rather grimly, when it is considered that already the greater proportion of the notes in circulation may not be able to withstand the test of the learned doctor's brush.

A FRIENDLY WARNING.—Somebody (says the Charleston Courier) has been prying feloniously into the Post Office at Barnwell Court House, and our incorrigible friend, the Postmaster, whose reply to John Livingston, the biographical undertaker and vendor of ready-made reputations, is fresh in the minds of many delighted readers, thus sends after the wretch a warning:
"Seduced by the instigation of the Devil, and regardless of your present and future state of existence, you committed a deed which will carry you to a place in comparison with which the hottest day you experienced this summer is colder than ice. Think upon this, you miserable vagabonds, meditate upon it, ye benighted ragamuffins—machiavate upon it, ye bloody Know Nothings—repent of it, ye midnight assassins. When the high Sheriff of this District is fogging you at the Market House, ye will repent. When you lie down to die you will tremble. And when the Devil, your prime mover, shall gather you to his arms, which he surely will, and you are 'howling for a drop of cold water to quench your infernal parched throat, and pour down your throat a table-spoonful or two of bituminous substance, mixed with molten lead, out of a red hot ladle, and says to you, 'Rob a Post Office again, will ye?' then, I would suppose, you will think of it. My only regret is that I cannot be there (temporarily) to witness your struggles."

ENGLISH SUNSHINES.—The Register General estimates that there are nearly 40,000 sunshines in England. Among them there are 51,000 families bearing the name of Smith, and 51,000 that of Jones. The Smiths and Joneses alone are supposed to include about a million of the population.

AN ENGLISH COCKNEY AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—An English cockney at the Falls of Niagara, when asked how he liked the Falls, replied, "They're 'andsome—quite so; but they don't quite answer my expectations; besides, I got thoroughly wetted, and lost me 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in an himgaving in 'ot weather and in the 'ouse."

GOO. G. FOGG, ABOLITIONIST.—New Hampshire, accused a political opponent, Mr. R. replied, that if lying and hypocrisy Mr. Bixford, of dringing," to which operated like rum, Fogg would have been in the gutter for the last ten years.

A WITNESS IN COURT.—A witness in court being interrogated as to his knowledge of the defendant in the case, said he knew him intimately well. "He had supped with him, satiled with him, and horsewhipped him."

SORTING THE EXPRESSION.—"That's a thundering big lie!" said Tom. "No," replied Dick; "it's only a fainting and enlargement of elongated veracity!" Harry took off his hat, elevated his eyes, and held his tongue.

A CHAPLAIN WAS ONCE PREACHING TO A CLASS OF COLLEGIANS.—The formation of habits, "Gentlemen," said he, "close your eyes against bad discourses." The scholars immediately clapped their hands to their ears.

IT WAS A PROVERB AMONG THE GREEKS that a flatterer who lifts you up to the clouds has the same motive as the eagle when he raises the tortoise when he wishes to gain some thing by your fall.

A FRIEND OF OURS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FOLLOWING: Riding up on one of the Eighth avenue railroad cars a day or two since, a lady got in, and on sliding down the fringe of her bonnet became fastened to one of the buttons of our friend's overcoat. He made an effort to extricate himself, but the connection was too intricate, and he gave it up. As the lady turned round and removed her veil, exposing distinguished features and a fine pair of eyes, he remarked:
"Madam, I accept the omen."
"And I, too," said she, "but you must wait until my husband dies."
"Ah, madam," responded the gentleman, "not taken aback, 'I must solicit a similar forbearance, you must wait until my wife dies."

A RICH RETORT.—Col. Jim Lane, the Abolitionist and commander of the Free Soil party in Kansas, was delivering a speech in Iowa a short time since, in which he denounced the Kansas Legislature as "Bogus," when a listener, at the top of his voice, exclaimed,
"Colonel! Let me ask you a question?"
"Go on," said Lane.
"Well, Colonel, if that Legislature was bogus, what made you apply to it for a divorce from your wife?"
"Confused and put out, Lane could not reply, but sat down amid the shouts and hisses of his listeners.

SIMPLICITY.—A neighbor of ours not long since introduced to his son, about six years of age, a little brother, who had just arrived in this world, which all agree in abusing, but none like to part with it, even in exchange for another. The boy looked at his infant brother in some little perplexity, and then raising his eyes to his father, inquired "where did you get it?" "Bought him, my son," exclaimed the father, with a laudable gravity. Again the boy looked at the baby, and after a short time sagaciously asked, "Why didn't you pick out a white one, father?"—*Alb. Knicker.*

STAMPED POSTAGE ENVELOPES.—Stamped postage envelopes have been in use in the United States about three years. The demand by the government now reaches 32,000,000 or 33,000,000 per annum. In England, according to a return recently presented to Parliament, there were issued, during the ten years ending April, 1856, the large number of 186,124,000 stamped postage envelopes.

A fellow entered a place on Sunday, pretty well fuddled, and asked for some cider. He was told they did not sell the article on Sunday.
"Well," said the stranger, "you should not be hard-hearted, for you know the good book speaks of 'entertaining angels unwares.'"
"Yes," says the storekeeper, "but I never know of any angels drinking cider on Sundays."

STOP THE PAPER.—A country editor says that he has received the following "stop my paper": "Dear sir—I have looked carefully over your paper for six months for the death of some individual that I was acquainted with, but as yet not a single soul I care anything about has dropped off; you will please have my name erased."

The French Emperor and Empress were still in the country, as Louis Napoleon's health is declining. The "baby" was progressing majestically. A weird woman cast his horoscope, and predicted that he should never reign over France. She was ordered to Algeria.

A WIT'S EPITAPH ON RICHELIEU.—Ben-sarnade, the Court Post, wrote the following epitaph on the great Cardinal:
Here lies, his life and labors through,
The far-famed Cardinal Richelieu;
But what brings forth my tears and sighs,
Is that my passion with him dies.

OF COURSE NOT.—An old stick says: "I have seen women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear of the horse running away—afraid to sail for fear the boat might upset—afraid to walk for fear that the dew might fall—but I never saw one that was afraid to be married."

BOSTON VS. PROVIDENCE.—An honest farmer in the south part of Massachusetts, talking about his crops, was told me that he must trust in Providence. "I do not about that," said he, "I have been to Providence, and I have been to Boston, and I believe I had much rather trust Boston, taking all things into account."

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AMONG THE SEAS OF ICE.
We make the following interesting extract from some specimen pages of "Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations," which have been sent us by the publishers, Messrs. Childs and Peterson, of Philadelphia. The whole work, will soon be published and will form one of the most beautiful and valuable works ever issued from the American Press: "We crossed the channel on the 23d, and encamped for the night on the land ice at the base of Cape Parry; a hard day's travel, partly by track over ice, partly through tortuous and jagged leads. The next day brought us to the neighbor-hood of Esplanade Rock, one of the most interesting monuments that rear themselves along this dreary coast in a region more familiar to men, it would be a landmark to the navigator. It rises from a field of ice like an Egyptian pyramid surrounded by an obelisk."
The next day gave us admirable progress. The ice opened in leads before us, somewhat tortuous, but, on the whole, favoring, and for sixteen hours I never left the helm. We were all of us exhausted when the day's work came to a close. The distance had been small from the first, but the delays we seemed fated to encounter had made me reduce them to what I then thought the minimum quantity, six ounces of bread and a lump of tallow, which I carried in a pocket in my overcoat, and after setting out in the morning, and distributed occasionally through the day, in seventy rations, was our only fare. We were all of us glad when, running the boats under the lee of a berg, we were able to fill equally unobtrusively on our boil up for our great restorative tea. I may mention, in this connection, that the most primitive, I found no comfort as we welcome to the party as this. We drank immoderately of it, and always with advantage.

While the men slept, after their weary labor, McGary and myself climbed the berg for a view ahead. It was a saddening one. We had lost sight of Cary Island; but shoreward, up Westenhelm Island, the ice seemed as if it had not yet begun to melt, and the outlines of the mountains were showing how intense the last winter had been. We were close upon the last of July, and had a right to look for the North Water of the whalers where we now had a lot of ice or close pack, both of them all equally unfavorable to our progress. Far off in the distance—how far I could not measure—rose the Dalrymple Rock, projecting from the lofty precipice of the island ahead; but between us and the land ice spread itself from the base of Saunders' Island a broken sea of ice.

The next day progress of course slow and wearisome, pushing through alternate ice and water for the land belt. We listened at last to the great flow, near the shore, making our harbor in a creek which opened wide changes of tide. The imperfect draft of the water, showing itself more and more in the decline of their muscular power. They seemed scarcely aware of it, then, and referred the difficulty they found in dragging and pushing to something uncommon about the ice, or to the fact that the men were weak. But, as we endeavored to renew our labors through the morning fog, belted in on all sides by icebergs so distorted and rugged as to defy our efforts to cross them, the truth seemed to burst upon us. The ice was not so much a hindrance, as the men, and we were most satisfied with our puny boat and the large draught of tea which accompanied it. I was anxious to send our small boat, the Eric, across the Jameshall of Apsch, when I knew from the fact that the boat was full of men, and the strength of the party was insufficient to drag her.

We were sorely disheartened, and could only wait for the ice to rise, in the hope of some smooth or platy area that might be about us, or some lead that might save us the trouble of laboring through it. I had climbed the iceberg; and there was nothing in view except Dalrymple Rock, with its red-brown face lowering in the unknown distance. I hardly got back to my boat, before a gale struck us from the northward, and in a few minutes a tongue of ice about a mile to the north of us, began to swing upon it like a pivot and close slowly in upon our narrow rafting-place. At first our own ice also was driven before the wind, and in a little while the ice was so packed at the foot of the very rock itself. On the instant the wildest imaginable rain rose around us. The men sprang mechanically each one to his station, bearing back the boats and stores; but I gave up for the moment all hope of our escape. It was not a nip such as is familiar to Arctic travelers; but the whole platform where we stood, cracked and crushed, and tumbled itself madly under the pressure. I do not believe that of our little boat of men, all of them discarded, and the ice, able to measure danger while combatant. It is not to believe there is one who this day can explain how or why—hardly when, in fact—we found ourselves afloat. We only know that in the midst of a clamor utterly incomprehensible, through which the braying of a thousand trumpets could be heard, a voice, we heard that the voice of a man, we were shaken and raised, and whirled, and led down again in a swelling waste of broken hummocks, and, as the men grasped their boat-hooks in the stillness that followed, the boat, which was a tempestuous wreck of ice, and snow, and water.

We were borne along in this manner as long as the unbroken remnant of the in-shore fog continued revolving—utterly powerless, and catching a glimpse every now and then of the barren headlands that looked down on us through the sky. At last the fog brought up against the rocks, the lower fragments that hung round it began to separate, and we were able to see and boat-hooks to force our way through the little foetus clear of them; to our joyful surprise, we soon found ourselves in a strong, clear land water wide enough to give us rowing room, and with the assured promise of land close ahead.

As we neared it, we saw the same forbidding wall of white ice stretching to the sky, either pulled along in margin, seeking in vain, either an opening of access or a neck of shelter. The gale rose, and the ice began to drive again; but there was nothing to be done but to get a grapple out to the boat, and hold on for the rising tide. The Hope bore her bottom and keel up to the water, and the men and all the boats were badly chafed. It was an awful storm; and it was not without constant exertion that we kept afloat, bailing up at the sea, and breaking over us, and warding off the ice with our boat-hooks.

At three o'clock the tide was high enough for us to scale the ice cliff. One by one we pulled up the boats upon a narrow shelf, the whole extent of us uniting at each pull. We were too much worn down to resist, but a deep and narrow gully opened in the cliffs almost at a spot where we clustered up; and, as we pushed the boats into it on an even keel, the rocks seemed to close above our heads until an abrupt turn in the course of the gully, a wall protecting cliff between us and the sea, and we were completely saved.

Just as we had brought in the last boat, the Red Eric, and were shoring her up with blocks of ice, a long unbroken and unobstructed sand started, and gladdened every ear, and a block of ice, which had been for a moment passed, with its bow and keel under a great force of the heavy wind, and a grateful gasp of relief, "Man's Rest." We rowed to the westward end of Westenhelm Island; but the tide left us there, and we moved to the ice foot.

For some days after this we kept moving slowly to the south, along the lines that opened between the ice and the sea. The weather continued dull and unfavorable to our progress, and we were off a large glacier before we were aware that further progress near the shore was impracticable. Great chains of bergs presented themselves as barriers in our way, the spaces between checked by barricades of hummocks. It was hopeless to row. We tried for six days longer, without finding a possibility of egress. The whole was ragged and broken in the extreme.

On the 3d of July the wind began to moderate, though the snow still lay heavily, and the next morning, after a pat still, the liquor lowered gradually from our alcohol flask, and I drank one brandy and a grateful gasp of relief, "Man's Rest." We rowed to the westward end of Westenhelm Island; but the tide left us there, and we moved to the ice foot.

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OLD AND NEW VERSIONS OF SCRIPTURE.
The following are a few specimens of the new version of the Bible, which the savans of the age think necessary in order to adapt the language of holy writ to modern style and usage.
OLD VERSION.
2 Sam. 22. 6. The increase of hell compassed me about, and the snares of death presented me.
Job 3. 11. Why did I not die at my birth? Why did I not expire the ghost when I came into the world?
12. Why did the knees present me? or why pressed me the breasts that I should suck?
Ps. 88. 13. But unto thee have I cried, and in the morning shall my prayer prevent thee.
Job 31. 10. Then let my wife keep another man, with me, and let her lie down upon her.
Ps. 79. 8. O remember not against us former transgressions, neither let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us, for we are ungodly.
Ps. 24. 29. Preserve my soul, O Lord, for I am a righteous man, and do not give me up to mine enemies, neither shall I be brought down.
30. I went by the vineyard of the slothful man, and I saw it full of thorns, and the wall thereof was broken down.
31. And he was all grown over with grass, and nettles; and the briers and thorns thereof were multiplied, and the stone wall thereof was dilapidated.
32. Then I saw, and I was grieved, and I took up a stone, and cast it, and I learned a lesson.
Mat. 21. 2. Saying unto them go into the village opposite you, and buy you an ass, and an ox, and a colt, and bring them hither, and bring them unto me.
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IN EQUITY—Spartanburg.
Eleanor Mason, et al. vs. Joel Mason and others. Bill for leave to sell Real Estate, &c.
In Pursuance of a decree of the Court of Equity, made in this case, on the 14th day of October, 1856, I will sell on Sales day in October next, at Spartanburg Court House, the land hereinafter described, to wit: the tract whereon Eleanor Mason formerly lived, on a credit of one and two years, with interest from the day of sale, except the costs of the sale, which are to be paid down. Purchasers will be required to give an approved security for the purchase money; also pay for papers. THOS. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. d. Com's Office, Aug. 6, Aug. 14 25 11

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg.
Ambrose Watson and William Watson, vs. James Watson, et al. Bill for Account, Relief, &c.
In Obedience to an order of the Court of Equity in this case, the creditors of the absent debtor, JAMES WATSON, one of the defendants, are hereby notified to come in, present and verify their claims before me, on the 31st day of October next, the land returned to in the proceedings in this case, (being the tract whereon Eleanor Mason formerly lived), on a credit of one and two years, with interest from the day of sale, except the costs of the sale, which are to be paid down. Purchasers will be required to give an approved security for the purchase money; also pay for papers. THOS. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. d. Com's Office, Aug. 6, Aug. 14 25 11

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg.
Robert Watson and others, vs. James Rhodes, et al. Bill for Account, Relief, &c.
In Pursuance of a decree of the Court of Equity in this case, made on the 14th day of October, 1856, I will sell on Sales day in October next, at Spartanburg Court House, the land hereinafter described, to wit: the tract whereon Robert Watson formerly lived, on a credit of one and two years, with interest from the day of sale, except the costs of the sale, which are to be paid down. Purchasers will be required to give an approved security for the purchase money; also pay for papers. THOS. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. d. Com's Office, Aug. 6, Aug. 14 25 11

IN EQUITY—Spartanburg.
Clough H. Mayberry et al. vs. Mary Mayberry, et al. Bill for Partition of Real Estate.
In Pursuance of an order of the Court of Equity in this case, made on the 8th of July, 1856, I will refer to public sale, at Spartanburg Court House, on the 14th day of October next, the land hereinafter described, to wit: the tract whereon Clough H. Mayberry formerly lived, on a credit of one and two years, with interest from the day of sale, except the costs of the sale, which are to be paid down. Purchasers will be required to give an approved security for the purchase money; also pay for papers. THOS. O. P. VERNON, c. e. s. d. Com's Office, Aug. 6, Aug. 14 25 11

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S. W. GILLILAND GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT.
NEWBERRY, S. C.
RESPECTFULLY offers his services to all those who trade at Newberry, as their General Commission Agent, for the disposal of their Cotton and other produce. Will give his personal attention to receiving, selling, storing, or shipping of Cotton and all kinds of produce entrusted to his care. Having made arrangements with different Houses, he is now prepared to make liberal advances on goods shipped to Charleston, and to receive for them the highest market cash price on delivery for all the Wheat, Flour, Corn and other produce that can be brought to this market for sale. An experience of several years business at this place, in all its various branches, induces him to believe that he can promote the interest of planters, and hopes by prompt attention to merit a liberal share of patronage. Charges for selling or shipping Cotton 5 cents per bale, all other transactions in usual way with custom. The best of references given. Until the first of January next he may be found about the Store Room formerly occupied by Messrs. W. G. & J. F. Glen.

S. T. AGNEW, Newberry Court House, Importer and Dealer IN HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, GROCERIES, GENERALLY, DRY GOODS, HATS, SHOES, AND CLOTHING, &c., &c., &c.
AND BUYER OF COTTON AND OTHER COUNTRY PRODUCE. Stock on hand one of the largest, and most varied assortment of Goods